

This February offers a great bunch of topics I could write about, like rain, the advent of Spring, or Love

(Valentine's day isn't too far off), or fandom. This mailing's subject is fandom, and the only way I can approach the subject is by what fandom means to me. To me, fandom is Willis, Burbee, Laney and Rotsler cartoons and Potshot illos and the occasional ©Ross drawing.

Fandom is a series of hilarious stories about people I've never met, but feel I know. Fandom is fanzines: *Blat*, *Glitz*, *Folly*, *Habbakuk*, *Nine Lines Each*, *Apparatchik*, *Dalmatian Alley* and *Brodie*.

Fandom is reading the *Incomplete Burbee*, and realizing why the man is venerated among fen. Fandom is dinky little science fiction clubs and the fans who love them. Fandom is getting sercon with Ted White at SilverCon, and the exhilaration of throwing a good convention. Fandom is the struggle to write and pub yer ish.

Fandom is about friendship. There's the story of the convention that asked people why they came to conventions. Among the list of things they thought attracted people, like parties and masquerades and dealers' rooms, one write-in answer overwhelmed them: friends. Fandom is making friends, and learning how to socialize and how to stop being a social retard.

Fandom is the paradox between the idealistic belief that anybody who reads science fiction must be a brother under the skin and undeniable hate and disgust for *FOSFAX*, and *White Trash* and any number of British fuggheads, regardless that they may be brothers.

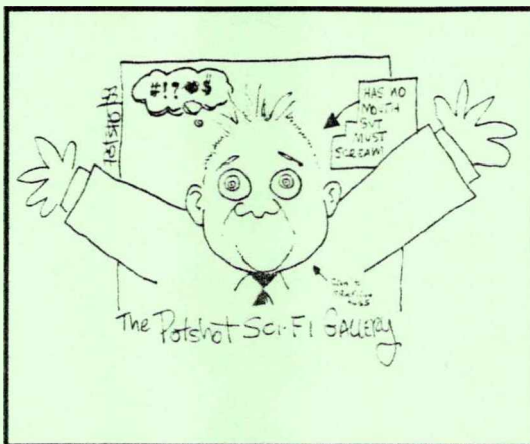
It's about staying up too late and talking about everything and anything that comes into your head. It's living in Las Vegas' first slan shack and being the center of fanactivity for everyone you know. It's meeting the right girl and falling in love and getting married

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fast enough to make your head spin.

Fandom is Tom Springer in a sarong and nobody noticing,

and Harry Andrushack in a kilt and everybody noticing. It doesn't seem fair, but somehow it seems right.



Fandom is weird pins and buttons on funny clothes, topped with a propeller beanie. Fandom is shaking your head at the 200 pound woman in the chainmail bikini and laughing about it with your friends who are wearing sarongs and kilts.

Fandom is the comfort-

ing thought that if I haven't seen it all before in fandom, at least Jack Speer has.

Fandom is deftly sidestepping a charging Klingon lupine and ducking into suite 1812. Fandom is writing more LoC's in my head than I have ever put on paper. Fandom is writing my APA-Vzine at the last moment (as

An angel came to me and said "You are to be the world's next great religious prophet." I asked the angel, "Why me?" And the angel said, "Because you are so goddamned gullible."

always) and hoping it's good enough.

Fandom is recognizing Spring in the air and knowing that Corflu isn't far off; knowing that another magnificent, ghoddam hot summer is on the way, and looking forward to all of it.

Fandom is new things and new ideas. Fandom is tradition and revering our fances-tors. The Fandom I love walks the thin line between the two.

JoHn re #10: the fanzine by, for, and about JoHn. Member FWA, supporter AFAL. Hail Eris, all hail discordia. All editorial content is freeware. Questions and comments to JoHn 1733 Yellow Rose, Las Vegas, NV 89108